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Contents

	PAGE
QUOTATION	2
ONE AMBITION. Lila Gerow.....	3
A SCRAP OF HISTORY. Charles Camp	7
THE STREAM OF BAD TEMPER. Myra Kruse	8
A SERMON BY NATURE. Anna Riddle.....	10
THE TRADING POST. Willie Waymack	11
Poem. Lucille V. Wells	14
LIFE, A FLOWER. Agnes Stribling.....	15
THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN ROOM. Lilian Powers	16
NATURE'S WORKINGS. Mary Hall	19
EDITORIALS.....	20
ATHLETICS	22
EXCHANGE.....	24
ALUMNI	26
SCHOOL NOTES.....	27
A FEW POINTERS	31
ADVERTISEMENTS	34

For he who is honest is noble
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

—*Alice Cary.*

THE MISSILE

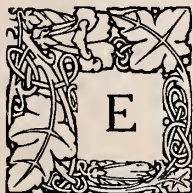
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No. 5

One Ambition



LIZABETH Magill! Come here right this minute. You are always miles away whenever I want you."

This was said by a very indignant step-mother to her only step-child. The girl who appeared in the sitting-room a few seconds later was one of exceptional beauty and was about eighteen years of age. Her rich brown braids were wrapped around her head and stray curls brushed her flushed cheeks. She had a broad, intelligent forehead, clear gray eyes, fringed with black lashes, and beautifully arched brows. Her sweet mouth quivered just a little as she faced her step-mother, but her chin revealed a sterling character. Her mother had died when she was only two years old, and a few years later her father had married again. Now, there were two step-brothers and a sister.

Elizabeth was a very talented, as well as a very beautiful, girl. She had excelled in music and her studies, but quite unknown to her mother, her greatest talent was art. Her dearest friend, Mr. Townsend, was a famous artist. He was a cousin of her dead mother's. Her spare moments were spent with this old man, who was directing her diligent study in painting. She did not dare tell her step-mother this, for she knew that she would taunt her with sarcasm. So, her plan was to wait and see what she could accomplish.

Mrs. Magill had some embroidery for Elizabeth to do, which was the reason for her calling her. As Elizabeth held out her hand to take the work, some paint on her hands which she had failed to wipe off, caught her step-mother's eye.

"How in the world did you get that on yourself? I hope you haven't been trying to paint your cheeks, which are certainly red enough now without any more, and, by the way, you must get that ribbon for your hair. I should certainly like to know what you do with your spending money. You never have decent ribbons!"

Elizabeth quietly took the work and, as she left the room, said: "I will get the ribbon this afternoon."

As a matter of fact, Elizabeth had been spending all her money for paints and such things as she needed in her work.

She dressed early after dinner and left her handsome home, for which she did not have a great deal of love, to go down town. She made her purchases and then went to her happiest spot, Mr. Townsend's studio. Here she was working on her best picture, which would determine her place among artists. Her whole being was wrapped up in it, and Mr. Townsend said that it would not fall far below her ideal. It was entitled, "The Three Maidens." It showed three bare-footed county maidens playing beside a beautiful, picturesque brook. The expressions of their faces, the best and most noticeable thing, revealed the sweetness and depth of Elizabeth's character.

Besides Elizabeth, there were others under Mr. Townsend, all about her age and with whom she associated. Among them, there was a handsome, stalwart, young man, Jim Hastings, who was also completing his first picture for exhibition. He was quite poor, and his hopes depended on this picture. He and Elizabeth were the only ones at the studio this particular afternoon. They were both laboring under many disadvantages and a sincere friendship had grown up between them. They often gave each other advice when Mr. Townsend was not there. This evening Jim was very discouraged, but before leaving the studio, Elizabeth had succeeded in lifting his spirits.

"Elizabeth," he had said, "sometimes I feel that my picture will be a failure, and then how my hopes will be blasted and my life wrecked."

"But you must not be discouraged," she said. "You will win out and then remember those who will be proud of you. I, also, have my fears for myself and often Mother is so cross. But, if I succeed in this, I will give my music up and then, perhaps, she will be better to me, for she thinks I am trying to excel Jane, who is her idol."

"Then, why don't you tell her now?"

"She would only be doubly jealous and sarcastic. But Jim, you must not be discouraged."

"Never fear, Elizabeth, I will never again, while I have you near me."

They both returned to their painting with renewed energy. His picture was called "At the Play." It was, in reality, a remarkable creation. His experience with and insight into human life had enabled him to make truly a great picture.

Jim took Elizabeth home. Her last words to him were, "Do not be discouraged any more, Jim;" and these words he meditated upon, as he went to his shabby home. The outcome was that he knew that he loved Elizabeth and, with her help, he could not fail to succeed. Henceforth, his life-work should be dedicated to her. He was poor now, but if his paintings should rise above the critics, he would become rich in time; not only that, he would have a worthy name to offer her.

Days passed. Finally, Jim Hasting's picture was finished and placed before the critics. Some praised, others denounced, but the voice of the people overwhelmed that of the denouncing critics and Jim's life-work was going to live forever!

The suspense and then the joy of Elizabeth and Jim may be imagined. But, then, the suspense of Elizabeth's picture was to be borne. The name of the artist was not told, but immediately some said that it was the same artist who had painted "At the Play." Then, when the true artist's name was revealed, they said that she had stolen Hasting's expressions. There was a difference, however, and it was finally proven so by the real

critics, and not by those who merely denounced the picture for the sake of hearing their voices launched against a girl-artist.

When Elizabeth told her mother and father, they were astounded. Elizabeth's father sat silent with joy. Her step-mother took her in her arms and asked that she forgive her for the unkind things she had done and said to her. Then Elizabeth said:

"Mother, I freely forgive you. I want also to tell you that since Jane has done so well in her music, I shall never try to excel her, and shall play only for my own amusement." Mrs. Magill could no longer refrain from tears; Elizabeth had at last melted her step-mother!

* * * * *

On a beautiful June afternoon, two years later, Mr. and Mrs. James Hastings were sitting on the front porch of their large, white, suburban home. The house was surrounded by a large green yard and a little back on the left was a beautiful rose-garden where Elizabeth often posed for her husband.

As they were sitting this evening, a gentle breeze fluttered Elizabeth's white dress as she sat in the large, white, wicker rocker.

"Elizabeth," Jim said, "have you ever though why those critics imagined I was the painter of 'The Three Maidens?'"

"No, Jim," she answered, "why?"

"Because you and I had one thought. Ours were two souls with one ambition."

Lilla Gerow.

A Scrap of History



It is hardly likely that the majority of people of Petersburg have ever taken enough interest in the old town to think much about its beginning. It seems that the natives of the place take less interest in its historical points than do even the "foreigners." There are not many places which are as historical as Petersburg. There is no direction in which you can walk that you do not find points of interest, and one of the most interesting that is likely to be seen is the "Old Blandford" Church. This being the case, we are taking this means to put a part, at least, of its early history before the eyes of our school and public.

During the days when and after the banks of the Appomattox and James Rivers had been settled by emigrants, there were many divisions of the State of Virginia. These divisions were commonly known as parishes, such as the parish of "James City," "Henrico" parish, "Lynhaven" parish, "Bristol" parish, the one in which we are particularly interested, and others. This Bristol parish was formed during the sixteenth century, and embraced parts of what are now known as Chesterfield, Prince George, Amelia, and Brunswick counties. As it did embrace these counties, it necessarily included what is now the site of Petersburg. At the time of the formation of his parish the river, which is so familiar to us under the name of Appomattox, was called "Bristol River." Without a doubt the parish took its name from that river.

The first building which was erected in this parish for the purpose of hearing the "Word of God" was known as the "Parish Church" and was located not far from City Point. The next church was built near the falls of the Appomattox and was called the "Ferry Chapel." The third and, to us, most important edifice was built in the year 1738. At first this place was known as the Brick Church, but it is now called the "Old Blandford" Church, of which we should be very proud. The name "Blandford," as well as the suburb of Petersburg which is called "Blandford," in all probability originated from the well-known Bland family of England.

Charles Camp.

The Stream of Bad Temper



CAN'T go fishing with the other boys," said Jack Thornton. "Just because Father thinks I might be drowned. Willie, James, Garland, and Howard are going and I can't go."

Jack Thornton was blacking a shoe, but was out of sorts, and all on account of losing his temper. He had not behaved well, which he knew, and was ashamed too, only he disliked to own it.

"Everything goes wrong with me," he whined, and large puckers could be seen on his forehead. After throwing down the shoe he was blacking, he opened his penknife and began whittling a piece of wood. Then he closed his knife with a snap and throwing himself back in the easy, low chair, gave himself up to thought.

The room seemed to vanish, and he saw in the distance a rushing stream. As he came near the bank, he saw a broad sign hung across the stream printed in large black letters. "The Stream of Bad Temper," he read. "Gee! I wonder! Yes, I am sure there is something here that applies to me. I was so angry this morning, I lost my temper before I hardly knew it." Stopping at the edge of the stream, he gazed into the dark water. "Oh, it is awful!" he cried, watching the seething water. "It is certainly an ugly stream. But what is that?"

Looking in the water he saw a boy struggling to reach the land. The water was just to his knees, yet the boy looked so helpless that Jack shouted, "Mind out! You will be drowned." The boy did not move, he only turned his head towards Jack.

"Oh, my! What shall I do?" cried Jack. "It is my own face, and it looks as I felt yesterday when I lost my temper, when Mother asked me to go on an errand for her. 'I'll, I'll ——.'" Jack suddenly ceased and watched the figure as it went out further in the water. The water came to his waist and the boy swayed to and fro.

"You'll be drowned," he screamed. "Why don't you go back? I will help you catch hold of this pole." The figure

gazed at Jack as an ugly expression clouded his countenance. "That is the way I felt when Father said I could not go fishing this afternoon. Did I look as ugly as that? Hurry, I will help you."

"You can not do it that way," said the figure. "There is only one way."

"Oh," muttered Jack, "stop, don't go any further." The figure moved still further out into the water, until the water came to his neck, and he had to raise his head to keep his mouth above the water. Nearly every second the figure swayed back and forth until Jack expected every minute to see it go down. Quickly he rushed into the foaming water, and held out his hand to the boy.

"Take my hand and let's pull for the bank. Don't remain here and drown." For the second or third time the ugly face was turned towards Jack, looking even worse than before, and Jack knew at once that his own face had the same look that very morning, and he cried, "Will I be swallowed up by this 'Stream of Bad Temper?'" What a terrible place it is! Only a short while and I shall be drowned. I will not! No! I will not!"

"There is only one way," came a voice across the water.

"What is that way?" eagerly cried Jack, almost before the voice ceased. But there was no answer to this question, there could be heard only the rushing of the turbulent water.

"Oh," cried Jack in a despairing voice, "please tell me so that I may not drown. I am sinking! Won't someone come to my help! Alas, all hope is gone! There is nothing left but for me to drown."

Aroused as it seems by this voice, Jack, glancing at the clock, quickly picked up the shoe and began blacking it, so that he would be at school on time, saying, "Hereafter, I intend to keep out of the 'Stream of Bad Temper.'"

A Sermon by Nature



WALK on a country road, in the spring, is oftentimes better than a sermon. Emerging from hot, blinding sand-dunes into a cool shady road is especially restful. The spreading of the pine woods suggests a benediction, and their delicious smell the opening words of the good minister, Nature, who never tires of teaching others a lesson. A few steps will bring you to a clump of yellow jasmine, and the sweet odor that permeates your nostrils makes you think and see the beauty of giving to others the best that is in you. Going on further up the road, there is a little old house with bushes of purple and white lilac and violets blossoming in the yard. There is no one in sight, but somehow these things give you the impression that their owner is a sweet old lady, who, in a way, suggests lilacs and violets. The earth smells—there is no adjective to describe the smell of spring earth—and the little green sprouting in the fields seems to act like a tonic upon your veins and sends the blood tingling to all parts of the body. Anon you come to an apple and cherry orchard, side by side, in full bloom, and the quiet, mingled odors that come to you suggest the closing words of the great teacher. As you meditate on your homeward way, you realize this—the cup of life is not a drink to drain to the dregs, but a precious, soothing ointment to pour out on others.

Anne Riddle, '14.

The Trading Post



NOT far from the silent and peaceful Appomattox, there stands a large two-story stone building, which is now used as a storehouse. Associated with this old house are many legends and tales, the memory of which still lingers in the minds of many Petersburgers.

The following may be fact; it may be fiction.

It was in the year 1674 that our story opens. One fine morning in the month of June, a crowd of people could have been seen standing at the Jamestown Island wharf. There was considerable excitement among them, told by the gestures and cries of the people near the edge of the water. Floating idly on the water, at their feet, were three large row-boats in which were seated thirty-eight men. In the boat that was so gorgeously trimmed there stood a man of noble bearing, who slowly raised his hand, as the oars silently dipped into the water. "My friends," said he, "for many months, I have planned this trip. I have at last come to the conclusion that this river must soon become so rocky that it cannot be navigated. Therefore, I am going, to-day, as far as the river permits navigation. When I come to rocks, there I am going to build a house which I shall call "Peter's Point." The building shall be used as a trading post between "whites" and "reds." Some day I'll come back, but, until then, I bid you an affectionate farewell." At the signal, the boats pushed off, and the trip up the river began. This man was Peter Jones, the founder of Petersburg.

For twelve hours the men pulled slowly up the stream until they reached a point where another river joined in with the one on which they were sailing. Here, as darkness came on, they pitched their camp at what is now City Point. At the first dawn of the morning, they were ordered to the boats. Owing to a misinterpretation of orders, two of the boats went one way, and the third another. When this was discovered, the two went back, and rowing hard, soon caught up with the first one. After four hours' pull, they came to a rocky portion of the river, and, as

they could proceed no farther, came ashore and again pitched their camp.

Peter Jones then walked around to see the country. After a short time, he came back to the camp and told the "boys" to get out the tools and go to work for here was to be their future home. They did this at once, cut down trees, and cleared a space for the house. Soon they came to rocks and, in order to blow them out, they sent to Jamestown for gunpowder. The next morning the man who went for the powder returned and the work was at once resumed. After it was blown up, the rock was beaten in the shape for building. The "post" was built of the stone, while the various cabins of the men were built of strong oak, cedar, and pine, which was obtained from the trees around the "clearing." The post, being of stone, might be used as a fort in case of attack by the Indians. It contained only two rooms, one upstairs and one down-stairs, which afforded ample room for the services required.

On the morning of June the fourth, the first anniversary of the arrival of the band, the post was opened. Old Peter did a good business at the start, as there were now about one hundred people there. Soon he sent for more and the population rapidly increased.

On the front of one of the cabins there hung a large deer skin. This was the home of "Old Tom," a trapper. He was an old man with large, gray eyes, gray hair, and dark complexion, and his dress was composed of deer, otter, and beaver skins made into the form of clothing. This man had many friends in camp, among whom was the youngest person there, Walter Walters. Walter had been hunting one day and had come upon "Old Tom" lying on the ground. He had picked "Tom" up, brought him home, and there soon nursed him back to health and strength. Ever afterwards he was Walter's fast friend.

One dark stormy night a man came into the post and at once ordered food. He, at first, was thought to be a hunter, who lived not far off from the post. While he was eating, he engaged

in conversation with the few people there, which happened to be very helpful to him in the future.

"This is a very stormy night, isn't it," he said.

"Yes, 'tis," answered one man, sliding nearer to the table.

"The worst I've seen in this country."

"Whar be you going stranger?"

"Oh! I was going to my traps until the storm caught me."

"And whar be they?"

"Down by the creek."

"Down near to the creek! Wal, what yer doin here then?"

"Ask someone else; I don't know, I must have lost my way."

"Yas, you muster," said the man, lapsing again into a dull silence.

The man, by this time, had caused a strange murmur to go through the house. They began to think now that he was not the hunter, but a thief and robber who roamed through the country. So the people decided to send him away, rather than stand chances of being murdered or brought to want by robbery. Suddenly one of them said:

"Stranger, you had better be going now, 'cause we know ye to be Frank Holmes who has robbed everyone around here."

"You must be wrong, my friend, I know no such person."

"Ye don't, heh?"

"No, I dont. Set down and I'll tell you something. Complying with his request doubtfully, his would-be enemies listened to him.

"Five years ago, there lived in England a rich man who had two sons. One of these sons was a very good boy and his father's favorite; the other was a gambler and a drunkard. Now this man is sixty years of age. But let me get back to my tale. One night the drunkard son left home with money he had stolen from his father. He lost so heavily at gambling that night, that he stole from his employer the next day in order to meet his losses. The younger brother, who worked in the same place, took the blame upon himself. The father doubted his son's

guilt and traced the guilt to the older son, who confessed. But when the happy father went to the prison to have his boy with him again, he found that the boy had escaped. His father offered a large reward for any information as to his whereabouts. I took up the chase, and after a short time found that he was here in Virginia, having worked his way as a sailor. Then I traced him to this place but here lost the track. Seeking to pick up the clew again, I was lost in this storm, and here I am. Now you say that I am a robber and thief. "Behold!" And, so saying, he snatched off his heavy beard and revealed the smiling face of a man perhaps forty years old.

(To be Continued.)



HERE'S the "Munsey," the "Ainslie," "Cosmopolitan," "Life,"

Each devoted to fiction, religion, and strife;
There are magazines smart and magazines simple,

But, for data of worth, look out for the "Missile."

For base ball, school ethics, fools-essence, to-wit,
Readings, deep lectures, and historical bits,
Geometrical figures by students well-dressed,
It's all in the "Missile" of old P. H. S.

Long may it reign, and bring not destruction
On those who have labored to build its construction,
We have only to say, who have given our best,
May you like this one copy and subscribe to the rest.

Lucille V. Wells, '10.

Life, A Flower



IFE in the truest and best sense is almost the history of a flower. A flower stands for all that is sweet and pure, and just as a flower grows stronger and larger, more beautiful and more useful each day, so do our lives if they reach up to the great Christian ideal. We, also, as we grow in years, grow in purity and usefulness. Often the sweetest flowers live hidden away in the cracks of rocks or under leaves and sticks. So we do not always, in life, look for the sweet and pure in a crowd nor do we find them creating a great sensation but living their lives hidden away, perhaps, in some attic or cellar of a great city, or occupying some mountain cabin. The most beautiful things in the world are flowers, and wherever they go, they are a blessing. They go into the sick room and cheer and gladden the sufferer, and then, when the body is hidden away in the ground, they cover the grave and take away something from its horror. So we have the power to make life beautiful and sweet for every one we touch. We can be a blessing in the sick room and even help some in the dark, sad hour of death.

Agness Stribling, '13.

The Mystery of The Green Room



IN a rambling, old house, in Philadelphia, on an autumn afternoon during the Revolutionary War, a family is sitting around a glowing fire. Once in a while their faces look expectingly up, for they evidently are awaiting some one. As hasty footsteps sound on the walk, the mother quickly rises, and hurrying into the hall, opens the door as a delicate feminine figure comes on the porch.

This beautiful form is Edith, the only daughter. She is just returning from an afternoon tea at the English general's home. Although the family are patriots, this daughter visits Tories and mingles with them. Previous to this time she has always been most devoted to her country and interested in its welfare. Nevertheless, since her visit to London, several months ago, there is a perceptible change; all of her conversation now is about King George and his court, while the struggle of the Colonies she holds in contempt. This grieves her family, especially her mother, who has the deepest sympathy for the American Colonies. There have been rumors of an engagement to an English lord, who is at this time in Philadelphia; hence the anxiety of her family.

They are again seated around the cozy fire. Another knock sounds. In response to this knock, there enters a handsome young army officer, with his assistant, who brings a letter from his general asking permission to remain at this house for several weeks as a spy on the English movements. Of course they are very glad to have him, even if he must be disguised, because there are frequent Tory visitors to see Edith.

This officer was a former visitor at that home, but some misunderstanding has arisen. The general, knowing nothing of this, sends him to Edith's house. It pains this officer very much to go there, but he can not remedy it. Edith had seemed very much attached to him until she went to London and met the Tories. Of course, she pretends that she doesn't like Tories, but she goes around, dances with and visits them, and now it is even reported that she is engaged to an English lord. Is there any

wonder that this officer has a heavy heart as he sits by her at meals?

The beautiful green room was assigned to him for the discussion of his plans with the other officers who visit him. Edith's father gave him this room because it is on the left wing of the house by itself. It is a most beautiful room, the decorations of green with rich antique furniture. The most curious of all is a desk built in the wall, beautifully carved with a splendid panel in the middle.

One evening two officers come, and, on leaving, give him some very important papers to be delivered. He lays the papers on the desk to go to the door. On returning, they cannot be found. He searches the whole desk, but without result.

The next day he is given the enemy's plans to deliver to the general just outside of the city. To make sure they are safe, he puts them in a secret pocket, and goes down to supper, where Edith sits next to him. He starts on his journey and on the road is held up and searched. Will they find that secret pocket? He thinks not, as none but the one that knew it existed could find it. He is allowed to continue on his way. Farther down the road he slips his hand into the secret pocket and lo, it is empty. What can it mean? The soldiers certainly did not get the plans. It must have happened at home in the green room. This was very perplexing. It was of no use to continue, so he returned home and made a thorough search.

The next time that plans are discussed and the officers depart, he remains in the room, puts the papers on the drawer, locks it, but leaves the key on the desk. When he looks for the papers, they have disappeared. The funniest part is that the plans are carried out by the general to whom this officer never delivers them. How can this have happened? He is worried very much and tries, in vain, time after time to solve this mystery. He leaves the plans in the green room, locks the doors and windows, but when he returns, they are gone. So he pretends illness one day and remains in the room. He lays the papers on the desk and watches. Slowly, by inches, the panel in the desk opens, a beautiful hand is thrust into the

aperture, takes the papers, and then quickly closes. He steps out from behind the screen where he had been watching. So this is the mystery, he thought. Now he knows who gets his plans, as he recognizes the hand as that of Edith. He shudders to think of her duplicity. Of course, she wants the plans for her Tory friends. Then the thought of her vacillating affections comes to him. He determines to solve the mystery to the very end. What is to be done if she is proved to be a spy? Next day he would prove that she was either guilty or innocent.

Secure behind the screen when the panel is raised, he seizes the hand and holds it tight. There was a struggle, but finding a stronger force, the hands yields to his. Through this aperture she told the whole story. The desk was made for the purpose of spying on others. She found the secret stairway one day but no one else knew of its existence. There is also a secret passage which she frequently uses. By pretending to be in favor with the Tories she found out valuable plans that could never be otherwise known. She could go about from one party to the other without any difficulty, because the Tories thought that she was a friend to them, while she was doing her country the greatest service. She had obtained the knowledge of his plans by listening at the panel of the desk. She took the plans out of his secret pocket at supper, the night that he was searched. She had heard the British general talking about it and his plan for capturing this fearless officer. She knew at once what would happen if he were captured with those plans on him, so she had gotten them, and by means of the secret passage delivered them to the American general who was expecting him. At this point the general is announced. Great is his delight when he sees that all has been explained. He confirms her story, telling the young officer that indeed she is a spy, but not for the English, as this officer supposed, but for the American cause. Her engagement to an American officer was satisfactorily settled in what manner and to whom can best be imagined. Of course, her family is delighted to know she is not a Tory. So the mystery of the green room was solved.

Lilian Powers.

Nature's Workings



ANY years ago a large boulder lay on the side of a gravelly hill, not far from a creek. During a terrible thunder storm, this boulder was cleft in pieces by lightning. After several years of exposure to the elements, parts of this rock was transformed into soil.

One autumn day a bird, in flying over this desolate country, dropped an apple seed into a crack in the earth where the old boulder had once stood. The warmth of the snows protected the little seed from the cold winter, and many refreshing rains, with the help of the sun, caused it to germinate and grow into a small tree.

In a few years this tree became larger and larger, until one fine spring morning it was entirely covered with pink and white blossoms. The following fall this mass of pink and white blooms had changed into balls of red. e

A weary traveller, who had lost his way, seeing this beautiful tree, stopped there to enjoy the luscious fruit and quench his thirst at the nearby stream. After a generous meal of this delicious fruit, with his heart full of praise and thankfulness to God, he threw himself on the soft turf, and, listening to the music of the brook, soon fell asleep. He was soon dreaming of his lovely home in the "Sunny South" with its vast acres of fruit and its many luxuries and pleasures which he had given up. A scene in the orchard with the picture of a beautiful young girl whom he loved very dearly and with whom he had quarreled before leaving, presented itself. On account of this slight misunderstanding he left home, with the intention of wandering about and finally blotting out all memories of the past. But the sight of the fine red apples and the rippling brook was too great a temptation to be overcome, so he yielded at the very moment he had given up all hope.

Upon his awakening he found he had been taught a great lesson and felt, although he knew nothing of the history of this tree that it must have been put there by Providence, perhaps for the special purpose of saving him and restoring him, as a better man, to his former position. Seeing things in this light, he arose with a new purpose in view.

Mary Hall, '13.

THE MISSILE

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Petersburg, Va.

Editorial

Some are gifted in one way; some in another. Each receives his allotted talent or talents. Certain laws in nature make the youth burst with desire to cultivate his particular talent. If anything happens to this talent when it is in the bud, the bloom will be blighted. If the given talent is developed, others will be added thereto. If, however, it is only partially developed and then is exercised no more, it will gradually pass away. Everything depends on the "if." Still there are any number of cases that fit under it. Take for example a pupil with a mathematical mind. This pupil enters high school, the ambitious leader of his class in mathematics; yet, he fails to be promoted on any other subject, not because he does not study his lessons, but on account of the fact that his mind is almost totally unable to grasp them. To him study soon becomes a labor, apparently without reward, for he is left back year after year, until, finally discouraged by his slow progress from grade to grade, he gives up the idea of ever graduating, and, as his fellow students say, "quittates." Is it fair to the pupil literally to force him to give

up education at the public schools and at the same time surrender all the opportunities that a good education may bring him? Is it fair to keep a student from cultivating his only talent because he did not receive more in the deal?

Still, this is what is being done in the majority of high schools to-day. High school pupils are daily being discouraged in ways similar to the one set forth above, and, in the greatest number of cases, it is one study that keeps the child from advancing in any of the others. How can this be remedied? There is one way that has been tried in many schools and in every case has proved successful. Adopt the "unit" system. Every school that has it not, needs it. The P. H. S. is among the needful.

It seems to us that virtue should have its reward, and, also, that dishonesty should receive its deserts. Where there is no honor, there can be no law, no respect for authority—only fear. To rule by causing the subjects to fear is tyranny. Where each individual has a personal respect for the law, accompanied by a like desire to see it carried out, there is true government. But, where dishonesty moves beside honesty, and honesty can not with honor reveal it is, indeed, to us a place that is poorly governed. High schools without the "honor system" are just such places. A pupil may cheat on an examination without the teacher finding it out; but all his fellow students will know it, yet cannot tell. Why? Because it would be dishonest so to do. You may say there is the pledge to be signed. So there is. But the pupil who is mean enough to cheat is mean enough to tell a lie about it. There is the pledge—the pledge that makes the dishonest doubly dishonest and at the same time is an insult to honor's honesty. Put the pupils on their honor and it will develop that spark of honor that they have. Give the pupils power to punish dishonesty and it will get its reward. Establish the "honor system" in a school and dishonesty will disappear.



Athletics



Robert Butcher

Since the last issue of the "Missile" went to press, the Petersburg High School baseball team has played four games and won all four. The team is playing in fine style now, and believe me, Baxter and Spooner are certainly pitching ball.

The first game that the team played, since our April issue, was with the Richmond Academy on our home grounds. This was truly a pretty game of ball, full of "pep" from beginning to end, and was all that the High School "fans" and "fannies" could desire. Both twirlers were in fine form, but Spooner had slightly the better of the visitor, allowing only eight scattered hits, which netted two runs for the Academy, while Petersburg succeeded in squeezing one more across the "pan" than the Academy, thus winning to the tune of 3 to 2, which was indeed a lively tune.

The next game was with Chester High School, at Chester. The team was thrown almost into a panic, when the day before the game, Elliott our "veteran" catcher, was taken sick with the mumps. When the game was called, however, up came long-legged "Snag" Perkinson, slapped on a mask and mitt, and made his debut as a catcher by playing an errorless game and by obtaining two hits. Baxter was the slabman for the P. H. S., and well did he play his part. He had the "rustics" completely at his mercy, and he did not show any pity either. He had them reaching after the pill, jumping away from the plate, ducking, and striking at his drops, which hit the ground before they reached plate; but try as they might, they could not connect with the "horse-hide." Everybody on the Petersburg team was hit-

ting, and they didn't see fit to stop until 14 runs had been secured. The game ended with the score standing 14 to 2 in favor of P. H. S. On account of the score being so one-sided the game was slow and uninteresting; but, from the standpoint of a High School "fan," it *was* a good game.

The next game was with John Marshall High School, of Richmond. This was the first time that we had met this team for a very long time. We are still very hilarious over the fact that we beat by the score of 5 to 3. This was a *real* game of baseball, full of excitement from start to finish. Spooner and Gentry were the "flingers" of the "horse-hide," and both were in the best of style. Gentry allowed fewer hits than Spooner, but he wasn't able to tighten up in the pinches as Spooner did, and this, coupled with an error by Richmond's first sacker, spelt another victory for the P. H. S. The fielding of both teams was very good with the exception of the error mentioned.

The fourth game was with Chester High School on our native heath. This was the most exciting game of the four. Bruce twirled for the visitors and Baxter for the P. H. S. Both of the pitchers were as stingy with their hits as a miser is with his gold. It was a scoreless game until the last part of the ninth inning, when Potts got on third and Elliott, who had been put in as "pinch" hitter, made a clean single and brought Potts in safely for the only tally of the game. The Petersburg team played an errorless game, but they were unable to hit Bruce at all effectively; however, to overbalance that, Baxter was in his best form and allowed the visitors but three scattered hits. In the opinion of an unconcerned spectator, it was a "beautiful" game.

Just here a word might be said to our High School boys and girls about their non-attendance at the games. Nothing helps a team so much as to feel that it is receiving the support of its fellow pupils. This support can and should be given. Attend the games. Show some school spirit. If the pupils do not support a team that is playing as the High School team is playing now, we are afraid that they will never support one.

Exchange Department

BEATRICE M. COLEMAN, *Editor*

Don't forget, P. H. S. students, you are cordially invited to visit Room 1 to read the magazines from other schools.

We have several new literary guests at our exchange table this month: "The College Topics," "The Radiograph," "The Virginia Guide," and "The Southern Collegian."

The "Virginia Guide," published by the pupils of The Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind, is one of the most creditable papers on our exchange list. It reflects much care and preparation on the part of its editors.

M. H. S.—You suggested that we add more cuts to our magazine. We thank you kindly for the suggestion, and at the same time we would advise the editors to have the same prescription filled for the "Virginian," as we both have the same number of cuts.

The Iris.—While your magazine is up to its usual standard of merit, the "Exchange" column is weak. You give as an excuse for not criticizing your exchanges, languid feeling, caused by an attack of spring fever. We would suggest that you shake off this tired feeling and get to work, instead of waiting for a rainy day.

The Radiograph.—You are one of our most delightful magazines. Your departments are excellent. We have but one suggestion to make and that is that you eliminate the advertisements from your literary matter.

Success to the "World"! Your paper is exceptionally good. The cartoons are excellent. The cut of the Basket-ball Team is splendid and adds very much to the attractiveness of your magazine.

It gives us pleasure to acknowledge the following exchanges: "William and Mary Magazine," "College Topics," "The Southern Collegian," "The Onas," "The Record," "The Oracle," "The Monthly Chronicle," "The Cadet," "The Virginia Tech."

WHAT OUR FRIENDS SAY.

The last issue of "The Missile" was very creditable and would be a worthy production of any school.—"The Monthly Chronicle," Episcopal High School.

For a new paper the "Missile," from Petersburg, Va., is surely "coming along fine."—"The World," St. Paul, Minn.

One of our newest exchanges is "The Missile," from Petersburg High School, and considering the fact that this is the second issue, it is very good. The editorials are commendable and show much thought. Your lack of attractive cuts is indeed deplorable and should be looked after at once, as nothing adds more to a school paper than good original drawings.—"The Virginian," Norfolk, Va.

Considering all things "The Missile" does great credit to its editors. The "Literary" department and "School Notes" are particularly full and interesting. Marked improvements would result from the addition of a few more cuts and many more jokes.—"The Oracle," Woodberry Forest, Va.

"The Missile."—For an infant you are a decided success. Congratulations. May we extend our welcome and our heartiest wishes for a long and successful career as an academic magazine. "The John Marshall Record," Richmond, Va.

Every new enterprise attracts attention. Every new enterprise that is a worthy one arouses interest. And every worthy enterprise that meets with success commands admiration. "The Missile," of the Petersburg High School, has gotten out only three numbers, yet it has already taken its place as one of the best High School magazines of the State. The March number contained the only poem which came to our desk in a High School publication during the month, and it was a splendid poem, too. It would have been a credit to any college magazine. The stories and essays are commendable, and the departments show life and interest. We congratulate "The Missile" upon its auspicious beginning.—"Richmond College Messenger."

Alumni

VIRGINIA MEADE WALKER

Few graduates of the Petersburg High School have honored their "alma mater" more than Mr. Harwood Graves. On leaving this institution, he went to Washington where he accepted a position as stenographer. While doing stenographic work, he studied law and later graduated from Columbian University. From one position of importance to another, he has gradually risen and is now one of the attorneys for the United States.

Rev. Monroe Gill, also of the class of 1895, is now a missionary to China.

Mis Eva Alexander, immediately after her graduation from Petersburg High School in 1892, accepted a position with B. F. Johnson Publishing House, Richmond, Va., and has been with them ever since.

Mr. James Collins, a graduate of the class of 1902, occupies a responsible position with some large railroad company in Washington.

Mr. Robert Morgan, '93, after graduating from the Petersburg High School, took the course at V. M. I. and was an honor graduate of that institution. For several years he was an instructor at V. M. I., but for the past few years he has been engaged in some manufacturing enterprise in Richmond, Va.

Mr. William F. Gray, one of the most brilliant of our former graduates, is now a member of a large cotton firm in Charleston, S. C.

Mr. Joe Gerow, who since his graduation has been employed in the office of Mr. Alexander Hamilton, Vice President of the Atlantic Coast Line R. R., has been given a very responsible position in the office of that road in Jacksonville, Florida.

Mrs. Frank Miller, formerly Miss Sadie McCandlish, a graduate of Petersburg High School and, also, a teacher in our school for several years, is now living in Hartsville, S. C.

Mr. Jerome Sommers, a graduate of Petersburg High School, is now with some large automobile house of New York City.

We shall certainly have good singing at our commencement this year, since Miss Jean Trigg has taken charge of the musical part of the program. Miss Trigg is working *wonders* with our chorus.

The friends of Miss Hobson of 11A are glad to know that she, after a vacation in the country, has returned to resume her studies.

Miss S— asked a certain young lady in the 1B what the Monk Stylites did during his lifetime. The reply was, "He was on a pillar for thirty-six years."

Mr. Anderson's "Latin" headache was cured by a new remedy, patented by the 11B Grade, excellent marks on their monthly test.

Mr. Urbert Gibson of 1A kept up his record for absence this month.

After weeks of agonizing, the essays have finally been handed in. The IVB's can now sleep in peace, as the agonizing has been transferred to other hands.

Mr. Anderson:—What is the singular of duobus?

Mr. Wells (quickly):—Unus.

The women of to-day are well advanced in arts and acquirements which rightfully belong to man; but not to the extent that Miss E-N-S— suggested. She asked Miss D-l-a-d if she did not play on the foot-ball team.

Wanted.—A vocabulary for “Die Italienische Reise,” or a neat, handy dictionary (thick, clumsy ones need not apply). Steady job. Apply 1VA class, Anderson High School, Petersburg, Va.

Mr. Sutton has been absent for nearly a week on account of his brother's marriage. We are hoping that Mr. Sutton himself may have the same good luck some day.

We are pained to learn of the severe illness of our former classmate, Mr. Rosser Smith of 1B. We trust Mr. Smith will soon recover.

We greet heartily the arrival of Mr. Sacks in our French class. He not only arouses our sympathy, since he is the only man in a class of six girls, but also our admiration for attacking, with so much vigor and intelligence, the intricacies of the English language, through one which we consider more difficult, the French.

A very interesting debate took place in the 1VA class as to whether Hamlet loved Ophelia or not. Miss Gerow and Mr. Butcher represented the negative, and Miss Seabury and Mr. Perkinson took the affirmative. The votes of the class were five to six in favor of the negative. Mr. Perkinson declared he had never had any experience in love, that he had never been in love himself, so he really could not judge whether Hamlet was in love or not.

We wish to welcome the Misses Helen and Ruth Roper to our school. The Misses Roper are from Spartanburg, S. C., and are now pupils in the 1A Grade of our school.

One great improvement of the pupils of the 1B2 Grade is that the majority of them have become overgrown physically (don't mention their mental ability).

Who said, "Hamlet, brains you have nix?" The question of Hamlet's sanity or insanity has ever been disputed, but, since the 1VA's have had the question put to them, it stands now a "George Washington truth" that Hamlet was not insane.

Mr. Elliott, of the 11A Grade, after a painful attack of "mumps," has returned to school to the delight of his friends.

Oh raptures! how grand the thought of that picnic to Fern-dale seems to the 1VB's.

We are all so sorry that Miss Elizabeth Short of 1B will not be able to be with us until next session, as she has not fully recovered from her recent operation.

The pupils of the 111B are in serious danger of getting "swell heads;" they were awarded five "Goldens" this month, after a record of one in two months.

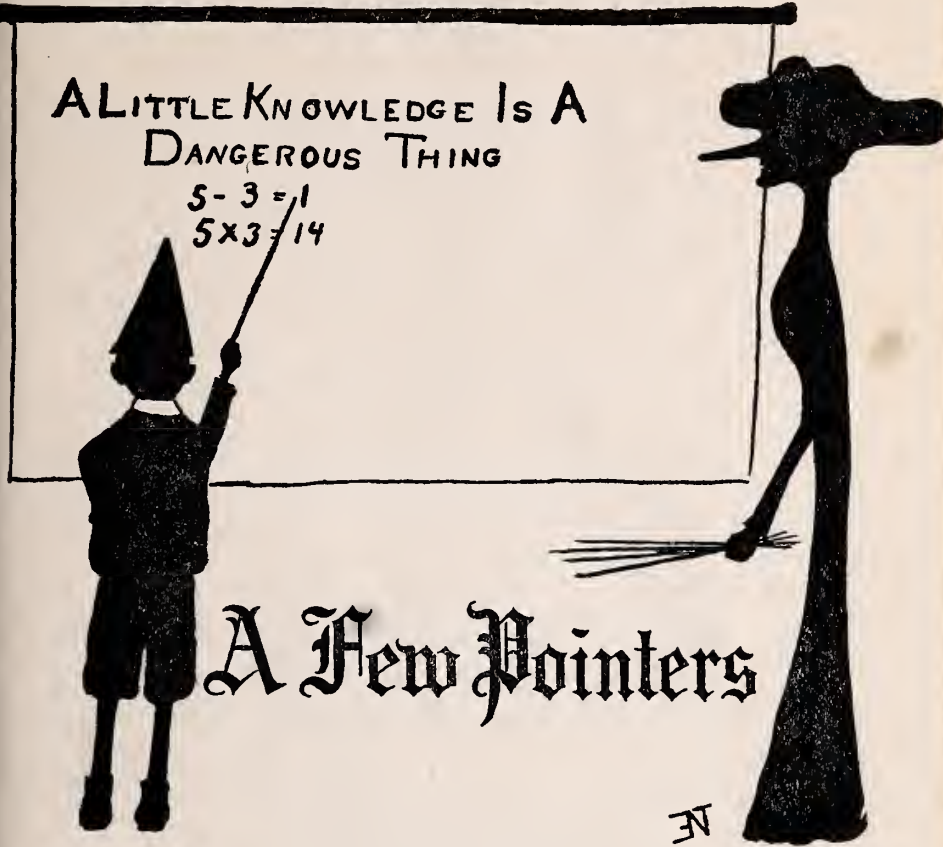
We are delighted to know that we are to have Bishop Collins Denny with us at our commencement. Bishop Denny will deliver the literary address on the night of the 7th of June, at the Academy of Music.

Mr. Barksdale of 11B, who has been absent for quite a while on account of sickness, has returned to school.

The one hundredth anniversary of Robert Browning's birth was celebrated with appropriate exercises on the afternoon of May the seventh. Misses Elizabeth Bragg, Helen Russell, Pearl Mann, Cora Rolfe, and the Glee Club all contributed to the success of the very interesting program.

A very instructive assembly was held by the Science department, on May 13, 1912. The program was as follows:

- 1.—Debate: Resolved, That copper is more useful to mankind than iron.
Affirmative.—Miss Agnes Stribling, Mr. Gustave Svetlik.
Negative.—Miss Louise Talbot, Mr. Frank Buchanan.
- 2.—Oxygen (a brief paper).—Miss Otelia Wachsman.
Experimental Work and Tests.—Mr. Charles Gilliam, Mr. William Robinson.
- 3.—Hydrogen (a brief paper).—Mr. Clarence Lints.
Experimental Work and Tests.—Miss Otelia Wachsman, Miss Eleanor Dillon.
- 4.—(a) Relation of Oxygen to Life.
(b) Purity of Air, Water, and Food.
(c) Experimental Work: The Electrolysis of Water Synthesis-Water Test.—Miss Helen McCaleb, Messrs. Chas. Gilliam, and Leslie Wingo.
- 5.—(a) The Practicability of Physics.—Mr. Edgar Gilliam.
(b) Some Experiments with Static Electricity.—Mr. Earl McKesson, Mr. Meade Brunet.



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DANGEROUS THING

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A Few Pointers

QUITE SIMILAR.

How is Mexico like a ball rolling down a hill?—When it makes one revolution, it is bound to make another.

AS WE SEE IT.

The black-faced comedians are lots of fun,
In fact, I think they are "it,"
But it takes a ball player, now my son,
To always make a hit.

HOW RUDE!

"The other day," narrated Jones, "I was talking to a group of sailors. Finally, one of them started telling about his adventures, and each, in turn, followed his example. When my time came, every one stopped to listen to what I had to say."

"What kind of a story did you give them?" inquired Smith.

"O! I gave a yawn, and then went out," replied Jones.

SLOW BUSINESS.

Jones:—Say, Smith, I have thought of a good scheme, we can go to Africa and buy some elephants from the natives for little or nothing, then come back and open up a transfer company.

Smith:—That wouldn't be any good, for elephants carry only one trunk.

THE REAL SPEAKER.

We would like to bet that Mrs. Roosevelt is not the speaker of the house.

AS THE PEOPLE SEE IT.

A trust convicted is worth two on trial.

Willie:—Father, don't they whip the convicts awfully bad?"

Father:—No, my son, what made you think so?

Willie:—Umph! That's funny, I heard sister say that they had stripes all over.

Binks:—Say Jinks, I am going to write a book, having for my principal characters Rockefeller and Morgan

Jinks:—What are you going to call it?

Binks:—"Soldiers of Fortune."

SO BAD.

The base-ball pitcher has a sad lot. No matter whether he is dead or alive, he will always be put in the box.

THE AIR LOOM.

While traveling aboard an airship, one of the passengers noticed a spinning wheel, which was carried by one of her fellow passengers. Not having seen one before, she asked the captain what it was.

The captain informed her that it was an heirloom.

THE TRUTH.

Fewer doctor's prescriptions would cause less inscriptions.

TWICE TOLD TALES.

Gink:—Your son is pursuing his studies at college, isn't he?

Dink:—I guess so. He's always behind.—Ex.

Tommy:—Pop, what is sound advice?

Tommy's Pop:—Sound advice, my son, is generally nine parts sound and one part advice.

APPRECIATION.

American Tourist (gazing into the crater of Mt. Vesuvius): It looks just like the infernal regions.

English Tourist:—O! I say. How these Americans do travel.—Ex.

THE PEACE MAKERS.

"The Hague has done much toward promoting the peace of the world."

"Yes," replied Miss Cheyenne, "and so has Reno."—Ex.

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FOWNES GLOVES IMPERIAL HATS
and
LION COLLARS



